

VALLEY OF ST. CROIX
AND
OTHER POEMS



By Teresa Kelly O'Reilly

Valley of St. Croix
and
Other Poems



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Author of

Poems For Pastime

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To the memory of the pioneers, W. H. C. Folsom, John Weymouth, Richard Lillis, Michael Kelly and others, also to a descendant of the first inhabitants of the Valley, the Reverend Philip Gordon, I reverently dedicate this book.

—Teresa Kelly O'Reilly



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Teresa Kelly O'Reilly



Drawn from life by Rose M. Lyon



REV. PHILIP GORDON
Chippewa Indian Priest

FOREWORD

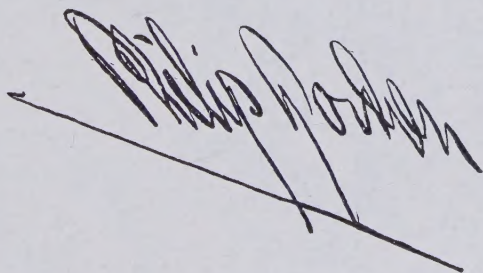
The Valley of the St. Croix is historic. Three distinct epochs mark the unwritten and written chronicles of this lovely series of vales and hills that mark the course of the Grande Riviere of the olden explorers and fur-traders. First the picturesque Indians, Nature's noblemen.

Then came the early pioneers and now the present third or fourth generation of the first settlers with modernity in all its hectic phases.

Gone are the Indians and fast passing the old colonists whose memory is in a measure preserved in the verses of this book of poems.

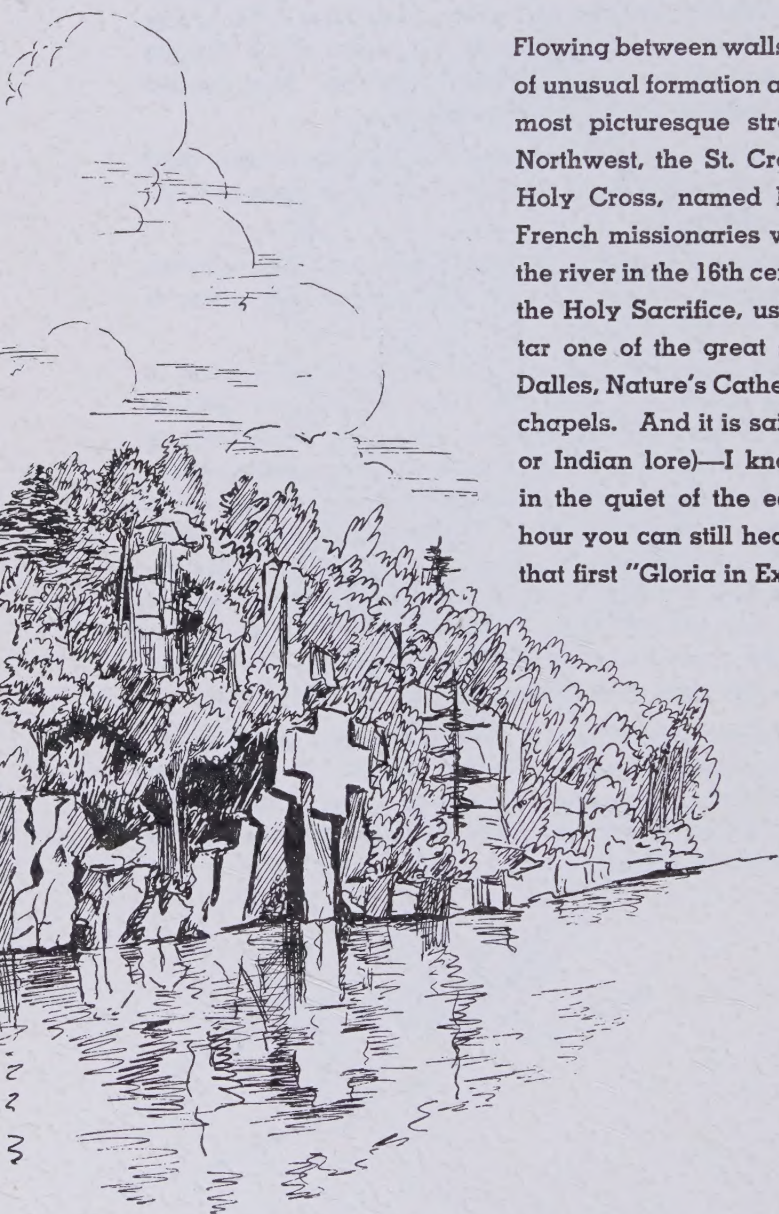
To the Chippewa Indians who long held possession of the valley of the St. Croix and to the earlier Sioux Indians, the Falls of this beautiful river is especially reminiscent of murmuring waters and dark pine forests and sparkling lakes and streams. Here too, fierce fighting between warring tribes took place. Commercial lumbering followed the disappearance of the Indians with the crash of the mighty line and the splashing lumberjack. The first settlers tell many a tale of hardship and struggle. And now again the valley settles down to the everyday routine of a contented life—the toiling farmer or the quiet drowsy days of the summer visitor.

As a lineal descendant of the first inhabitants of the valley, the undersigned wishes everything good to come from the publication of the poems recalling for a brief moment some high-points taken from the varied history of the friendly valley of the St. Croix.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Philip Jordan". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style and is positioned diagonally across the lower right portion of the page.

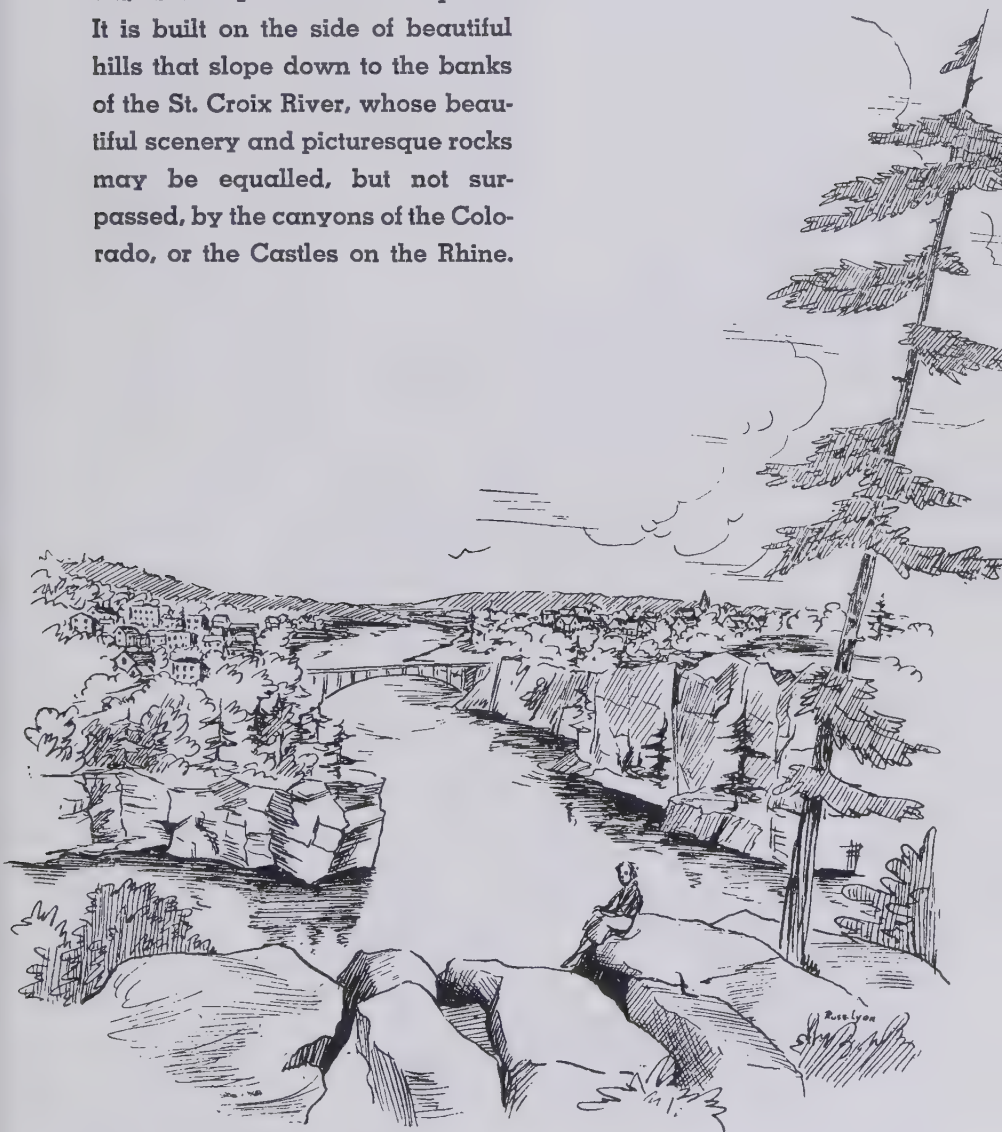
DALLES OF THE

Flowing between walls of solid rock of unusual formation and one of the most picturesque streams of the Northwest, the St. Croix, meaning Holy Cross, named by the early French missionaries who came up the river in the 16th century, offered the Holy Sacrifice, using as an altar one of the great stones of the Dalles, Nature's Cathedral of many chapels. And it is said—(mythical or Indian lore)—I know not, "that in the quiet of the early morning hour you can still hear the echo of that first "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."



BEAUTIFUL ST. CROIX

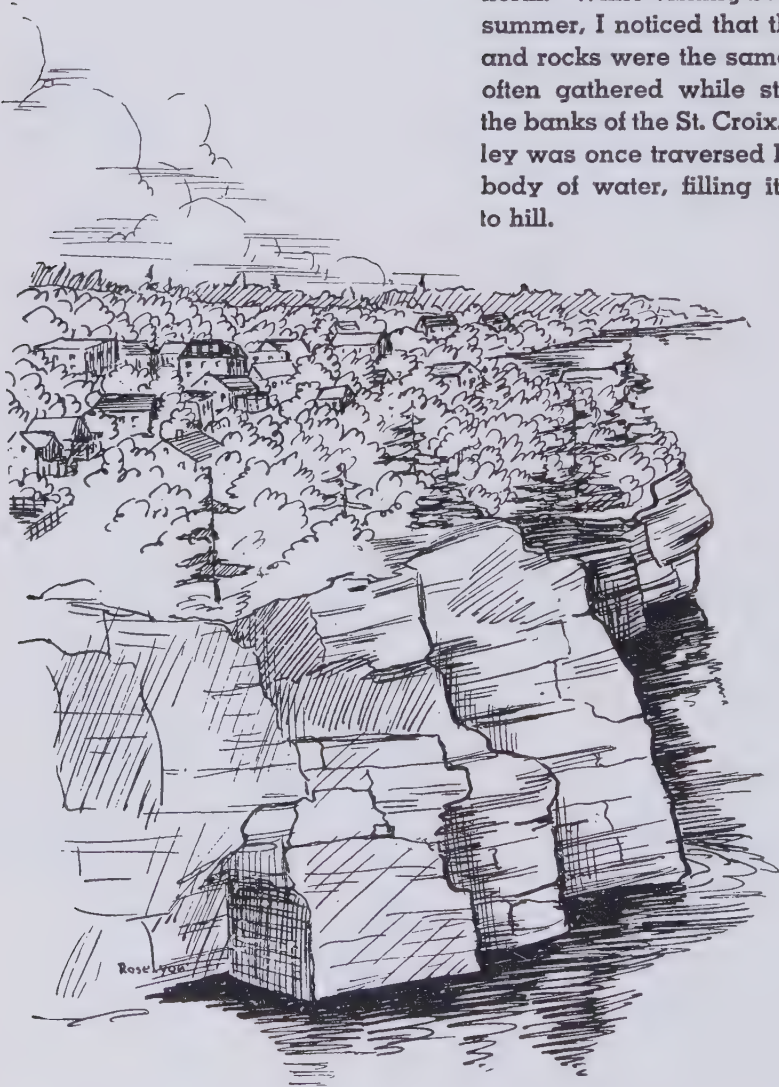
In my home state, dear Wisconsin, is a city that is like a poem. It is built on the side of beautiful hills that slope down to the banks of the St. Croix River, whose beautiful scenery and picturesque rocks may be equalled, but not surpassed, by the canyons of the Colorado, or the Castles on the Rhine.



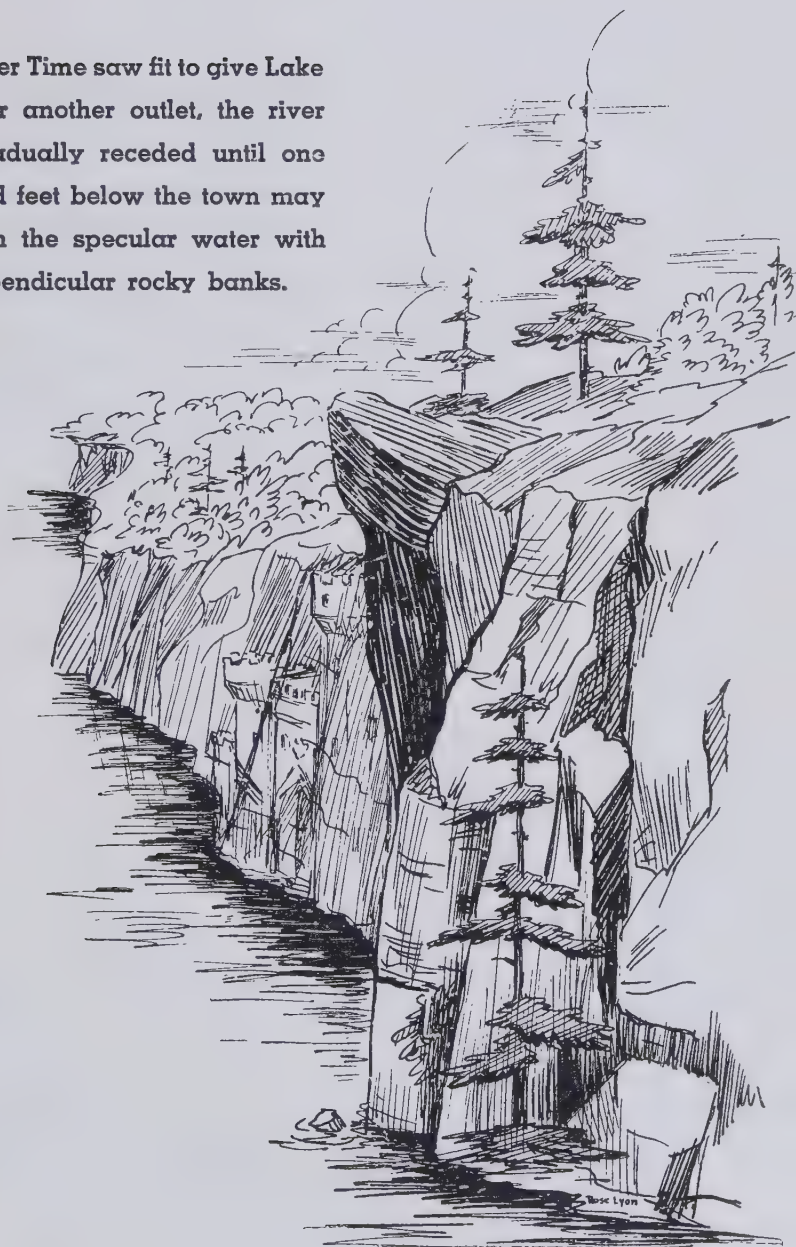
Taylors Falls, Minn.

St. Croix Falls, Wis.

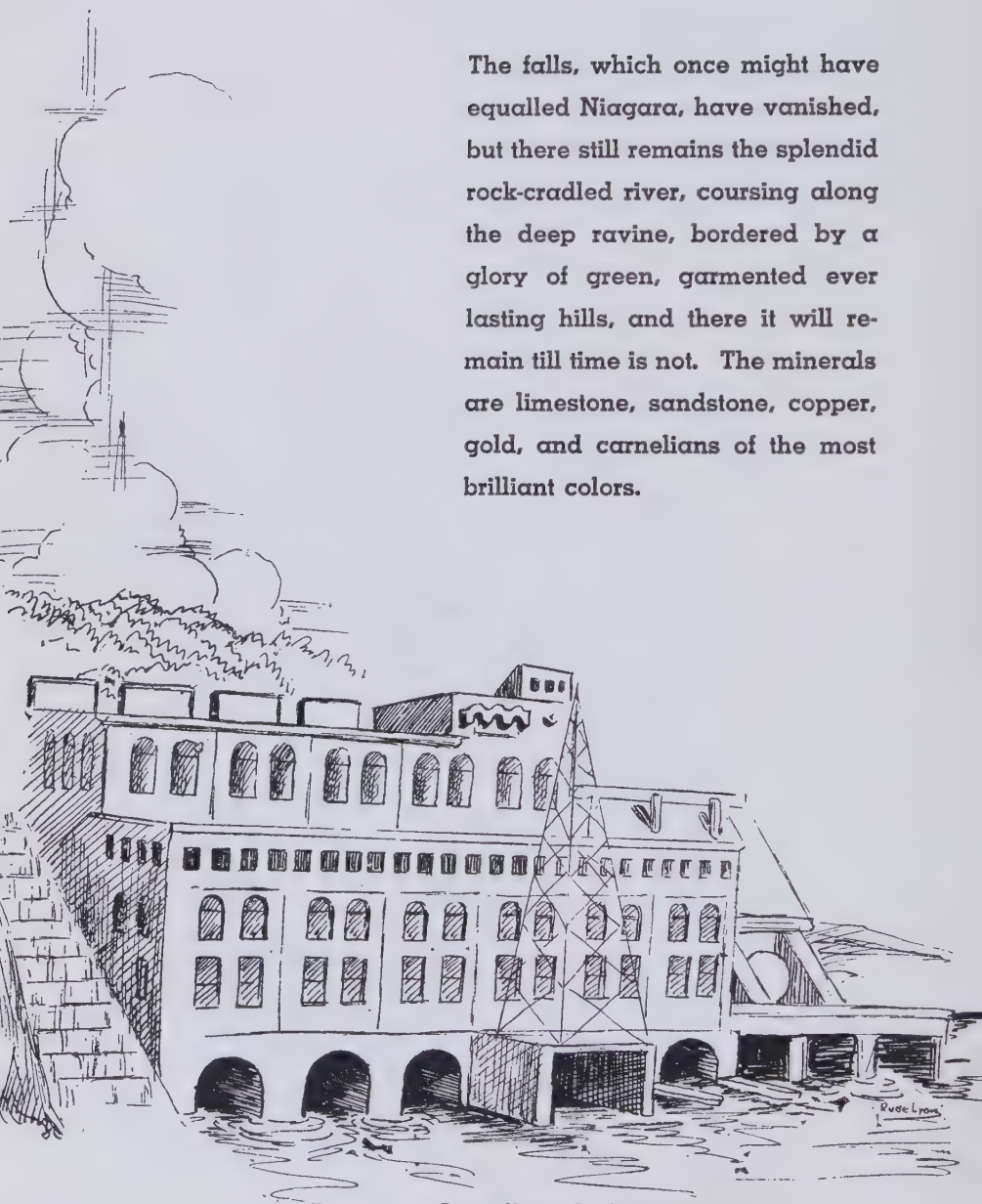
The theory as to the formation of this valley is that it was the outlet of Lake Superior and the country north. While visiting Superior one summer, I noticed that the flowers and rocks were the same as I had often gathered while strolling on the banks of the St. Croix. The valley was once traversed by a large body of water, filling it from hill to hill.



As Father Time saw fit to give Lake Superior another outlet, the river has gradually receded until one hundred feet below the town may be seen the specular water with its perpendicular rocky banks.



The falls, which once might have equalled Niagara, have vanished, but there still remains the splendid rock-cradled river, coursing along the deep ravine, bordered by a glory of green, garmented everlasting hills, and there it will remain till time is not. The minerals are limestone, sandstone, copper, gold, and carnelians of the most brilliant colors.



Power House, St. Croix Falls, Wis.

Trout, bass, shiners, sturgeon, sunfish, pike, and pickerel are found in the river and surrounding lakes. Eleven miles above the falls is Nevers Dam and eight miles below the town, situated near the cascade, are the celebrated Osceola Mineral Springs.



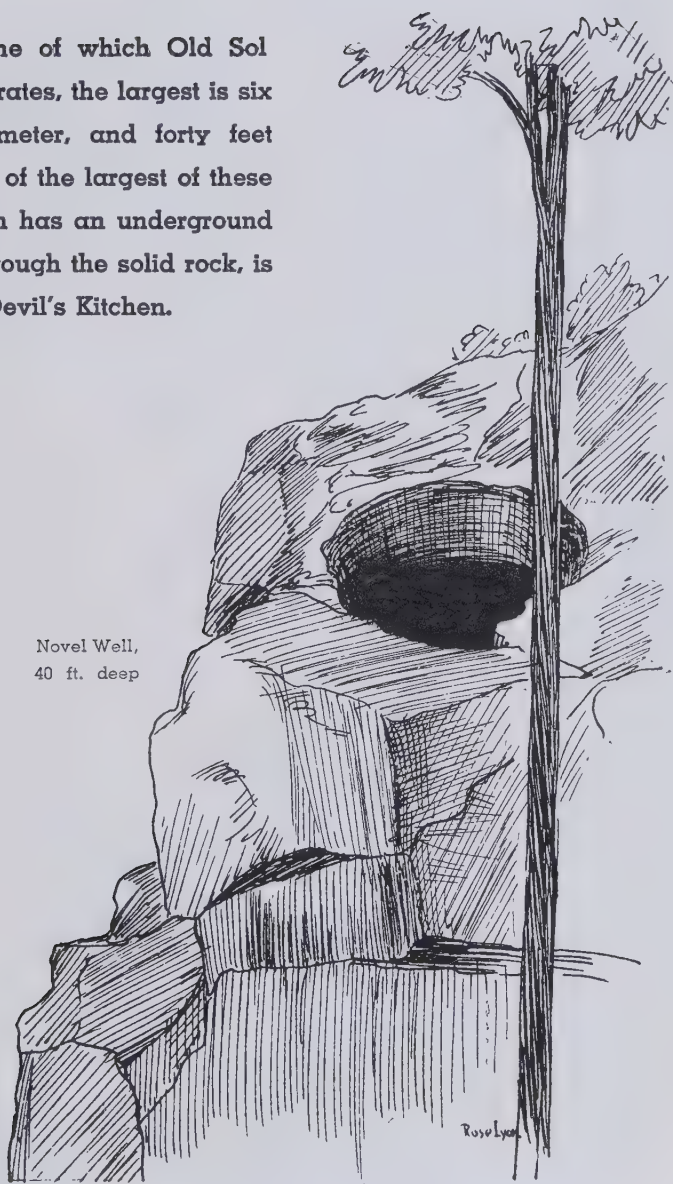
Twenty-five feet above the river bed is a novel freak of nature in the shape of a series of wells, hewn and bored in the gigantic boulders by the able drill of time. The rocks abound in caves and



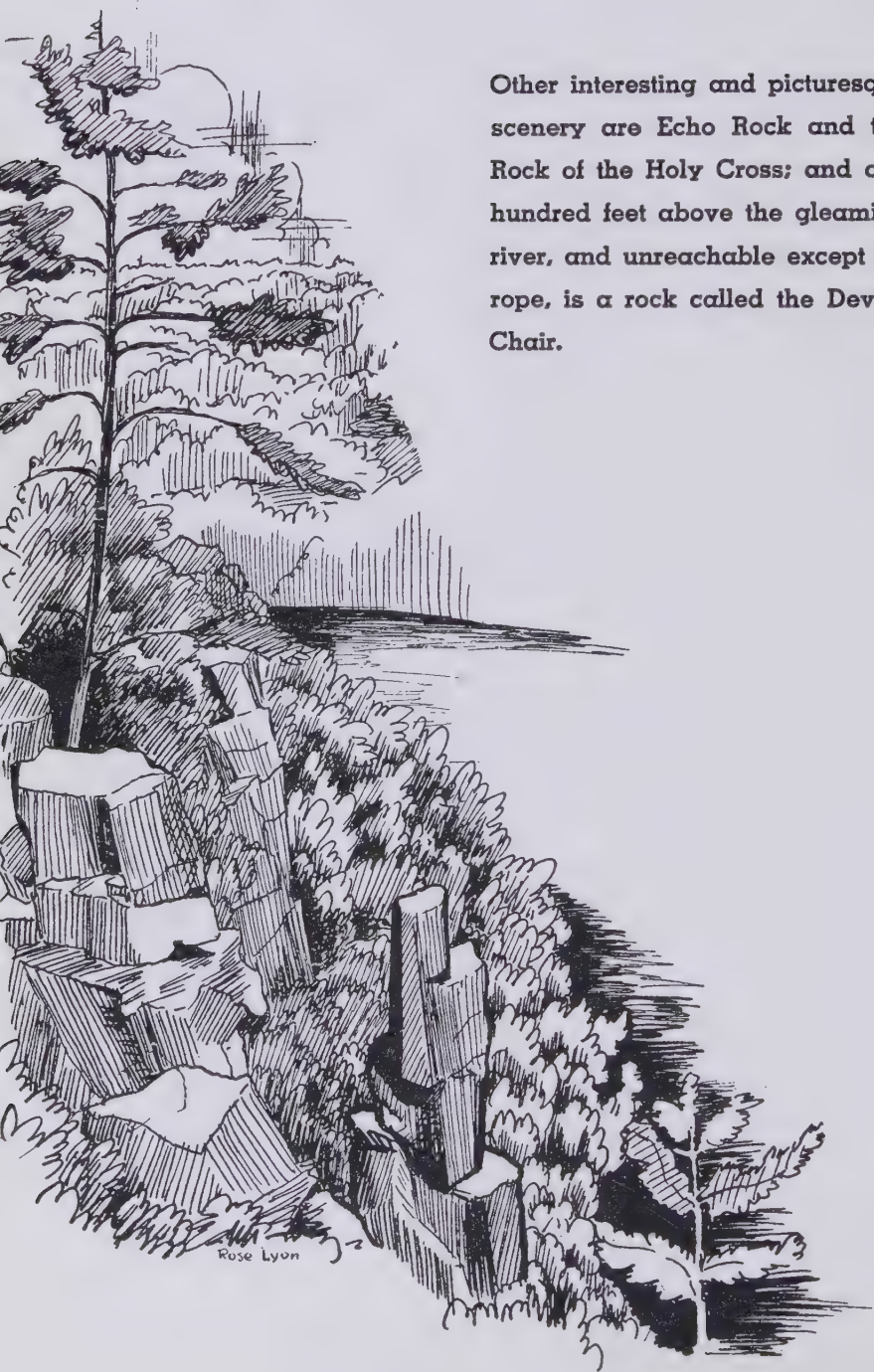
Entrance to
Devil's Kitchen

grottos, some of which Old Sol never penetrates, the largest is six feet in diameter, and forty feet deep. One of the largest of these wells, which has an underground entrance through the solid rock, is called the Devil's Kitchen.

Novel Well,
40 ft. deep



Other interesting and picturesque scenery are Echo Rock and the Rock of the Holy Cross; and one hundred feet above the gleaming river, and unreachable except by rope, is a rock called the Devil's Chair.

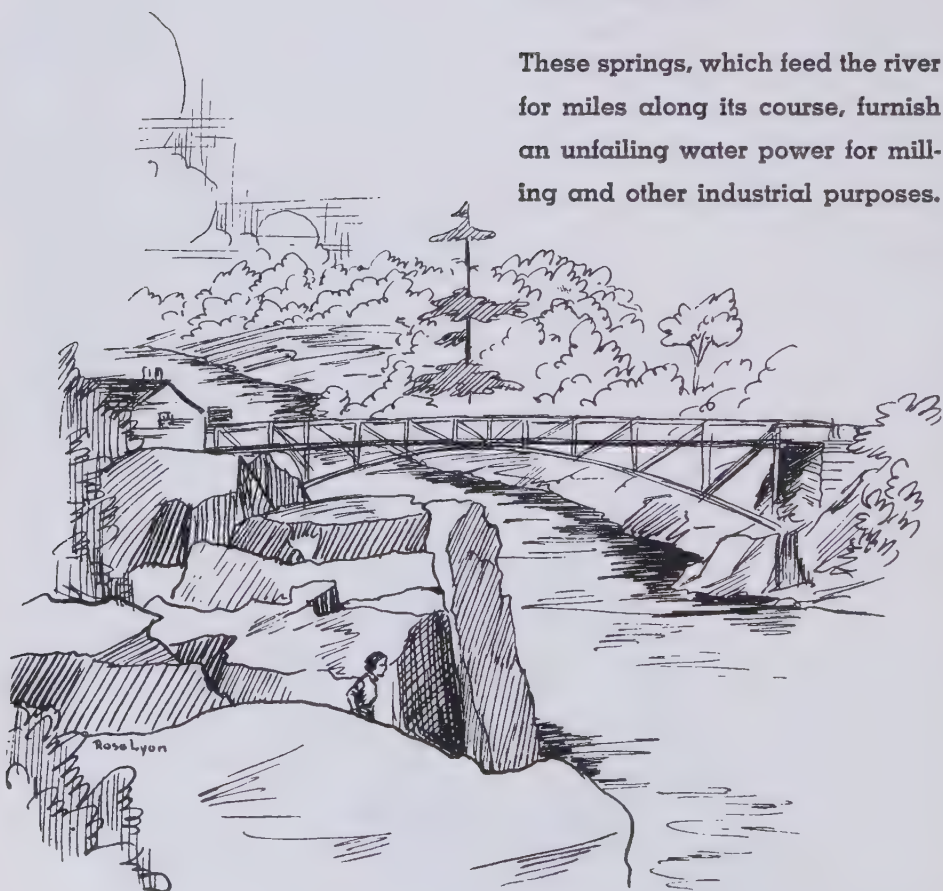


Across the river on the Wisconsin side, keeping guard, is the Old Man of the Dalles, which looks as if some giant or titan had sculptured his likeness in the solid rock.

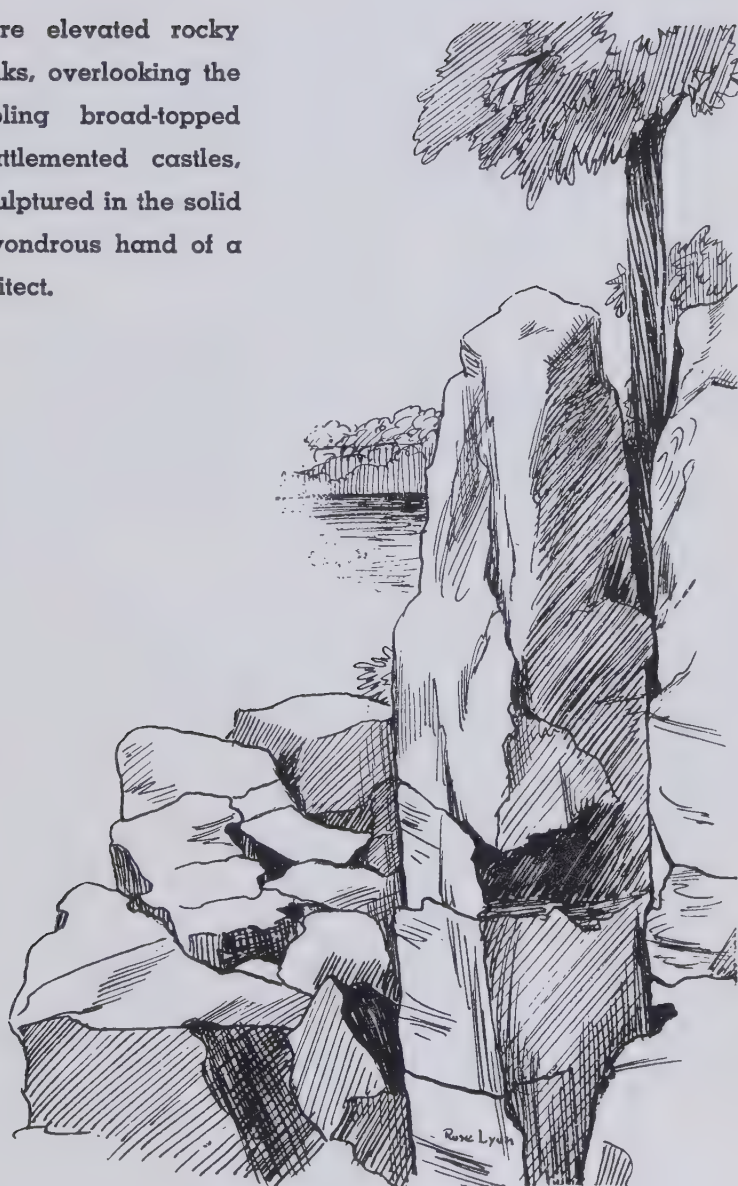


From the toll bridge to where the High School stands is a pleasant walk in summer, crossing the street at numerous intervals, are animated little creeks, which come babbling down the hillside on their way to the river.

These springs, which feed the river for miles along its course, furnish an unfailing water power for milling and other industrial purposes.



Everywhere are elevated rocky verdurous banks, overlooking the river, resembling broad-topped towers or battlemented castles, reared and sculptured in the solid rock by the wondrous hand of a Supreme Architect.



THE VALLEY OF

You may travel by rill and fountain,
You may wander o'er moorland

and lea,
To the top of the highest mountain,

But there's one place that's dear
to me.

It does not belong to the world's
gay throng

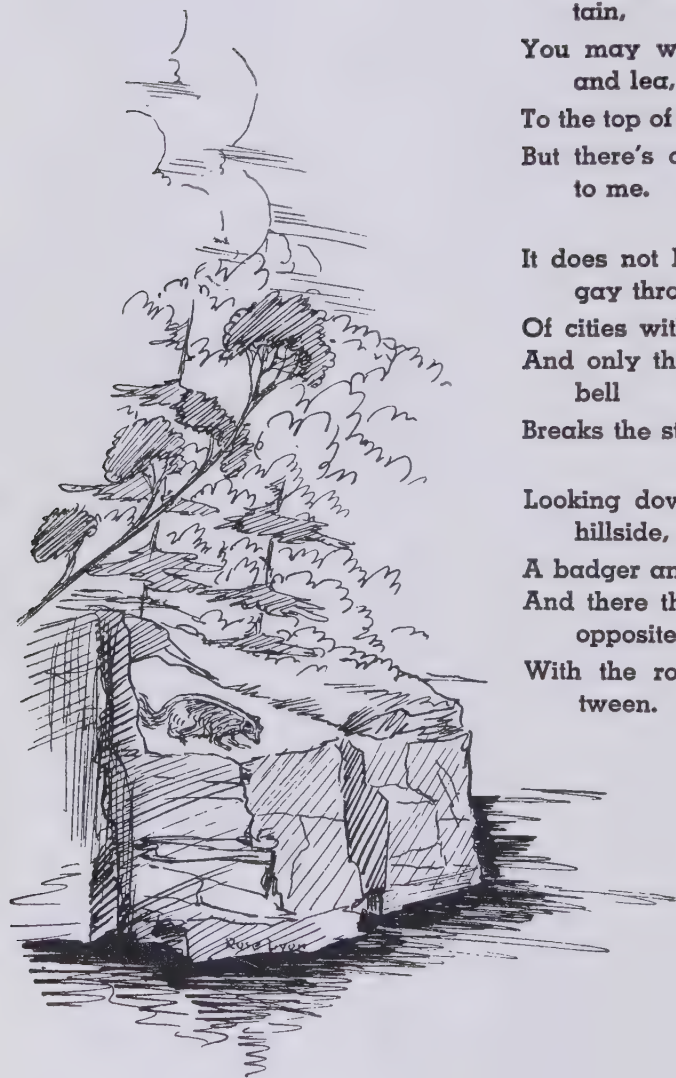
Of cities with lights so bright,
And only the knell of the curfew
bell

Breaks the stillness of the night.

Looking down from the beautiful
hillside,

A badger and gopher are seen;
And there they will stand on the
opposite strand

With the rock cradled river be-
tween.



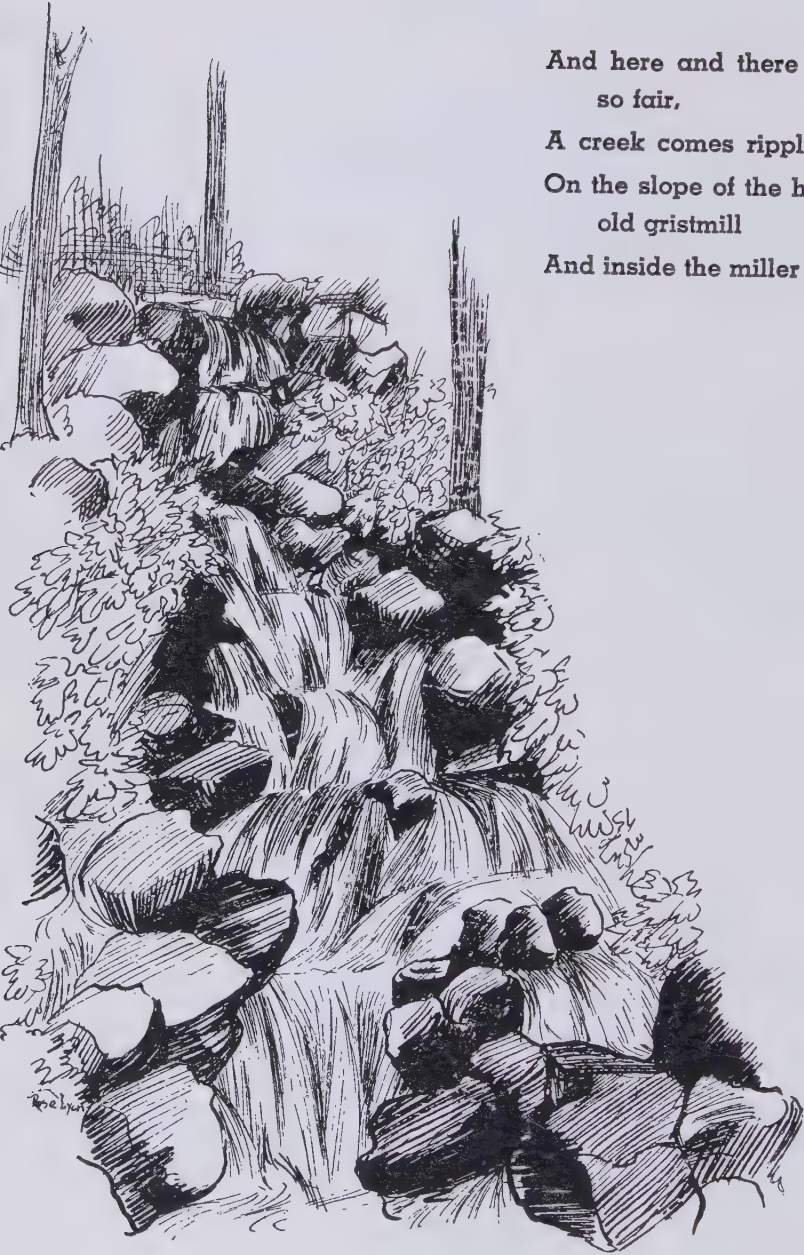
THE ST. CROIX



And here and there on the bank
so fair,

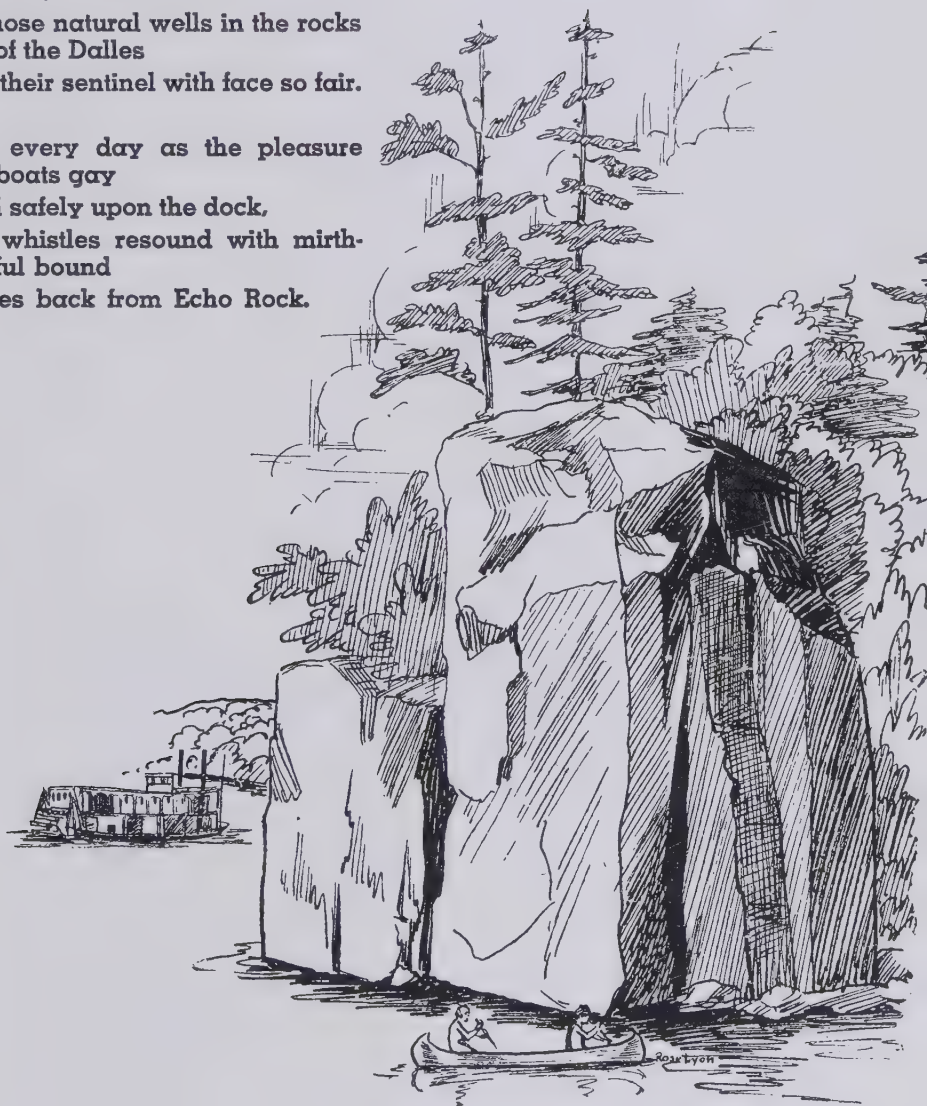
A creek comes rippling bright
On the slope of the hill stands the
old gristmill

And inside the miller so white.



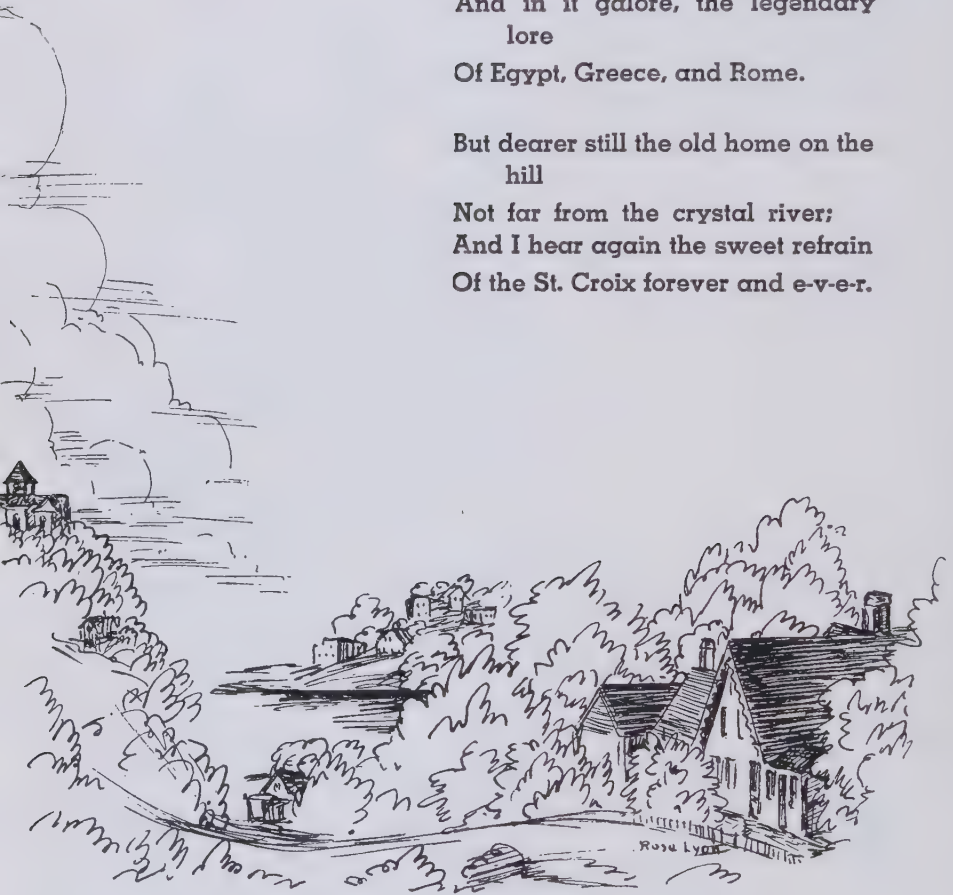
From the old bay state to the golden
gate,
You'll find nothing in nature more
rare,
As those natural wells in the rocks
of the Dalles
And their sentinel with face so fair.

And every day as the pleasure
boats gay
Land safely upon the dock,
The whistles resound with mirth-
ful bound
Comes back from Echo Rock.

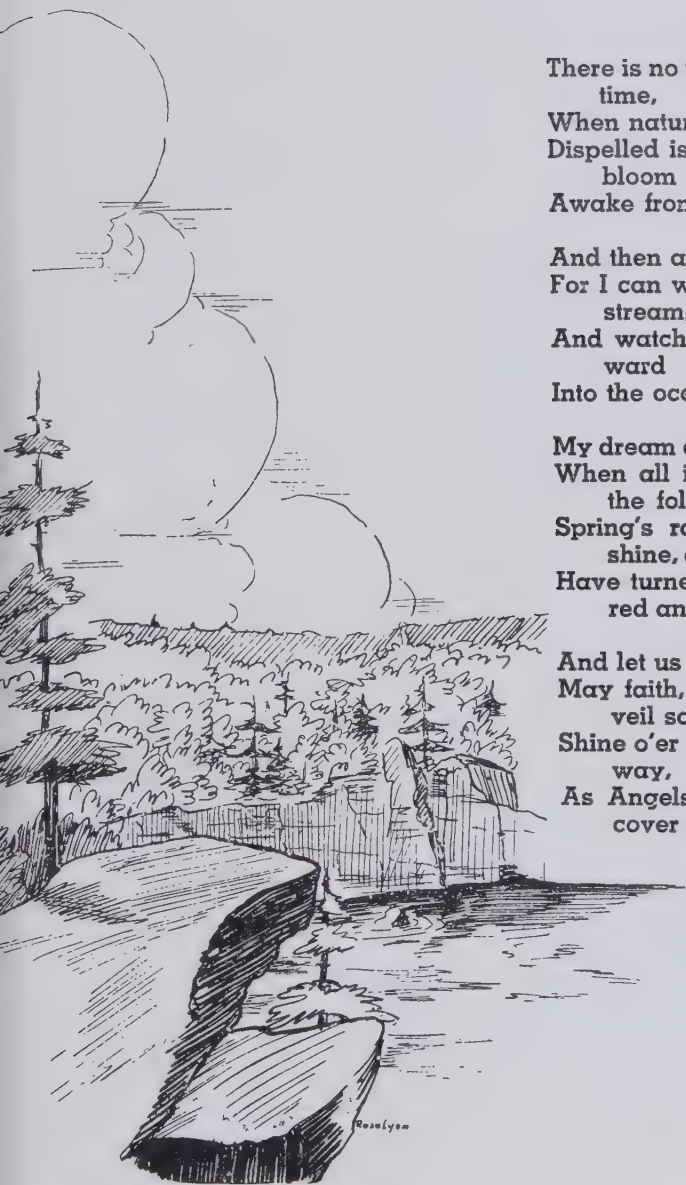


Yes, dear to me, and will ever be
The school with its belfry dome;
And in it galore, the legendary
lore
Of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

But dearer still the old home on the
hill
Not far from the crystal river;
And I hear again the sweet refrain
Of the St. Croix forever and e-v-e-r.



The Seasons On The St. Croix



There is no time so great as spring-
time,
When nature dons its best;
Dispelled is gloom when bird and
bloom
Awake from night's long rest.

And then again I like the summer,
For I can wander there beside the
stream,
And watch the water rippling on-
ward
Into the ocean of my dream.

My dream of harvest in the autumn
When all is gathered safe within
the fold;
Spring's raindrops, summer sun-
shine, autumn magic
Have turned the hills and trees to
red and gold.

And let us not forget the winter;
May faith, good works, the bridal
veil so bright,
Shine o'er us at the heavenly gate-
way,
As Angels shed their wings and
cover earth with white.

Logging On The

Here you could have seen the
mighty oak and pine
Once majestic, lifting their heads
aloft to pray,
Log jamming in the sun their bark-
less spine
To the mercy of a tireless river's
spray.

And the rocks and hills re-echo
what the trees already spoke,
Thro' that valley where once the
peaceful Indian trod;
Woodman's axe fulfilled the plans
for the pine tree and the oak,
And still they grow and lift a prayer
to God.



St. Croix River



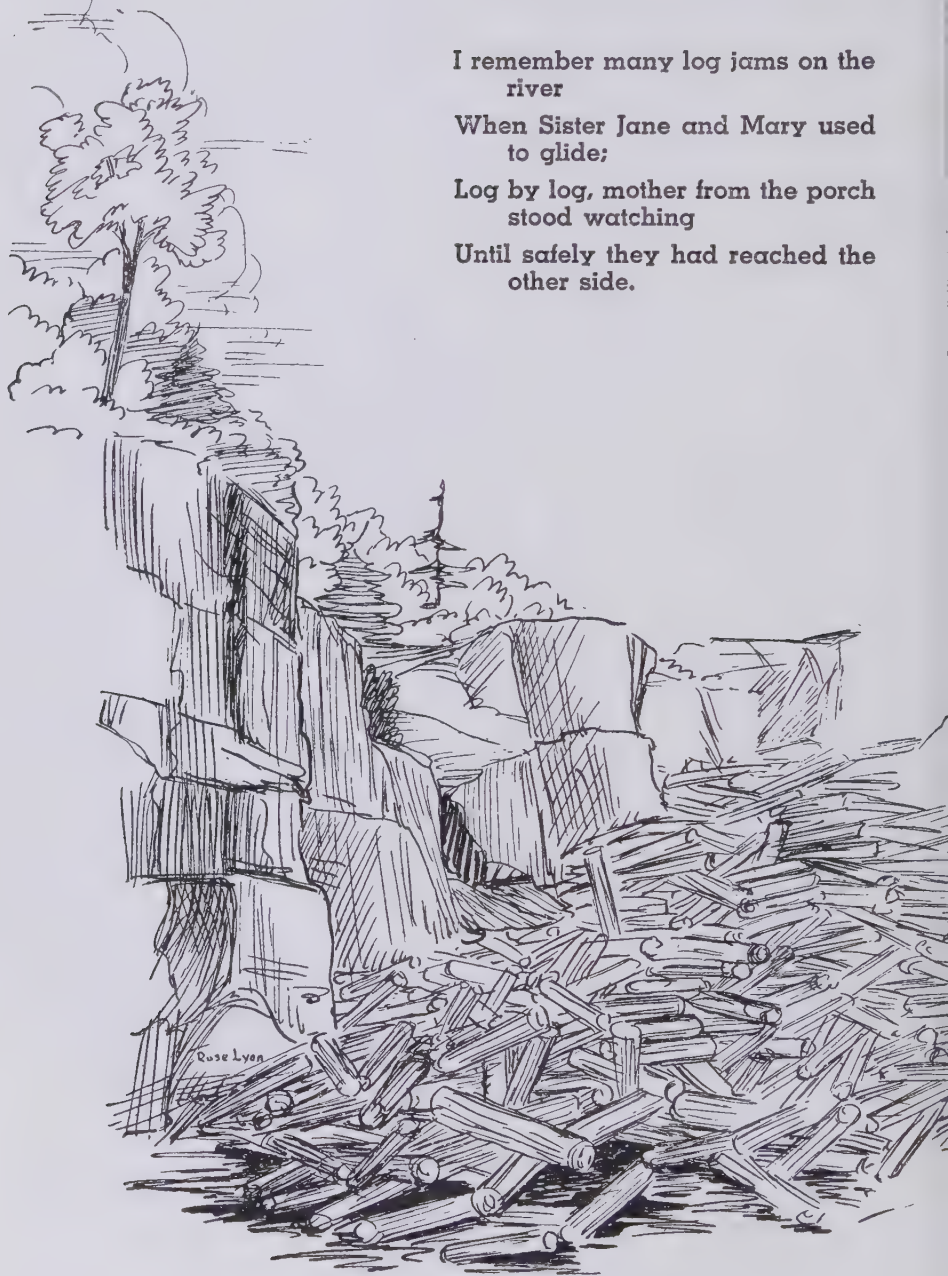
LOG JAM ON

I remember many log jams on the
river

When Sister Jane and Mary used
to glide;

Log by log, mother from the porch
stood watching

Until safely they had reached the
other side.



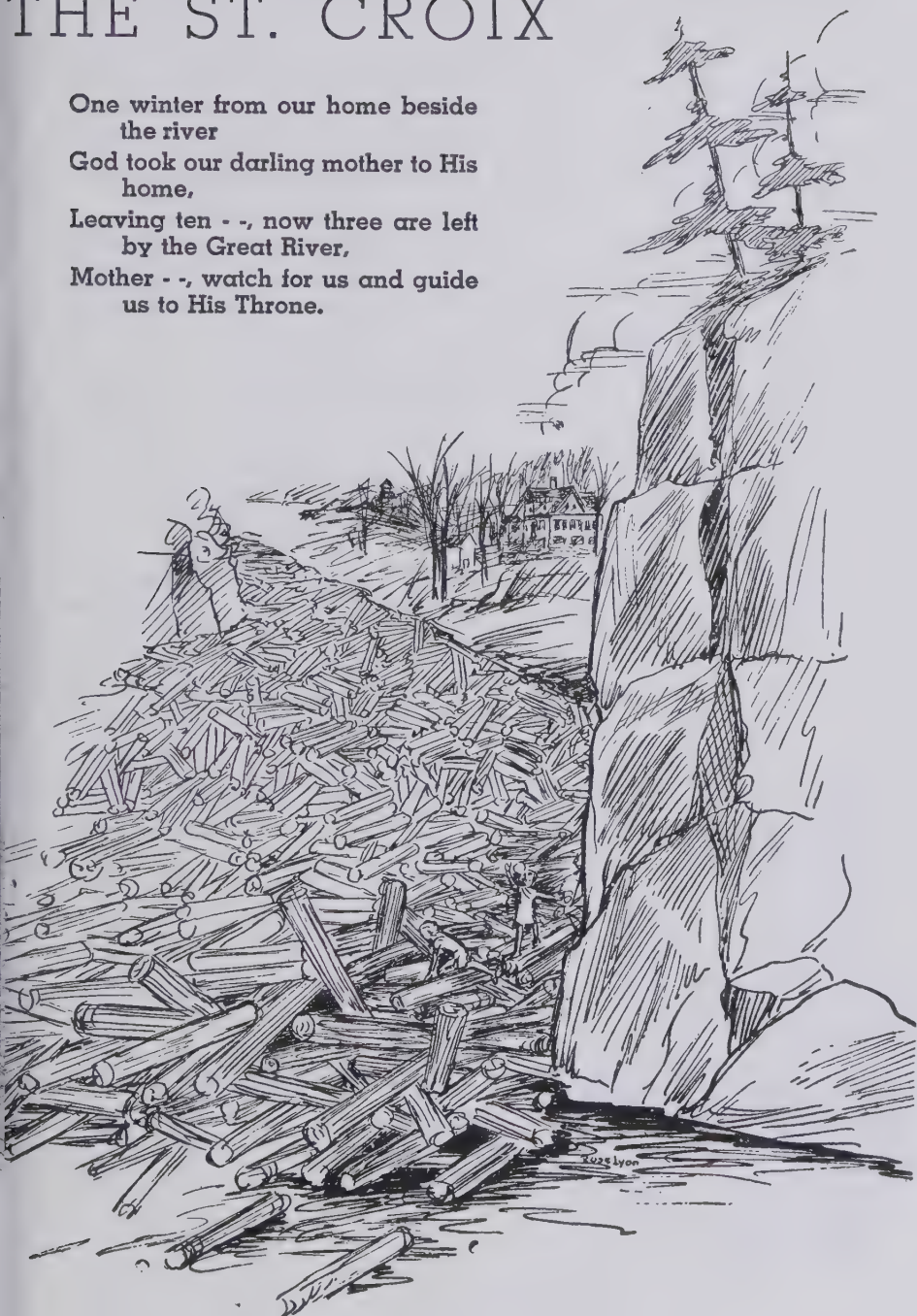
THE ST. CROIX

One winter from our home beside
the river

God took our darling mother to His
home,

Leaving ten - -, now three are left
by the Great River,

Mother - -, watch for us and guide
us to His Throne.

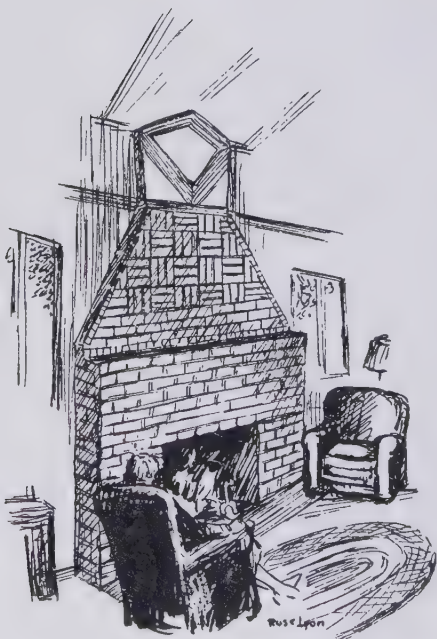


THE BURNING LOG

The golden sun was setting
One evening in October;
Outside the clouds seemed set with
burnished gold;
The leaves and trees and hedges
Were the same, but Oh! so sober,
Deserted by the birds whose feet
were cold.

"Where were they," do you ask
me?
I will tell you while their song my
heart doth charm,
They were just outside my window,
On the ivy o'er the fireplace,
Twittering, nestling near the bricks
their feet to warm.

Heaven's minstrels never spinning,
only singing
God's message of joy and peace to
earth;
And I am thankful, Lord, for giving
Grace and health, yea Lord for
living,
As I place another log upon the
hearth.



MANITOU

I am sitting alone in my study,
And my thoughts wander back o'er
the times,
To a little log home in Wisconsin,
And a brook rippling under the
pines.

The trout swimming shy in the sun-
light,
A canoe resting there by the
stream,
I climb—one splash and O grac-
ious!
I go down and come up with a
scream.

When out from the sunlight and
shadow,
Right down by that clear rippling
brook,
Came Manitou, Indian healer.
And from me the water she shook.

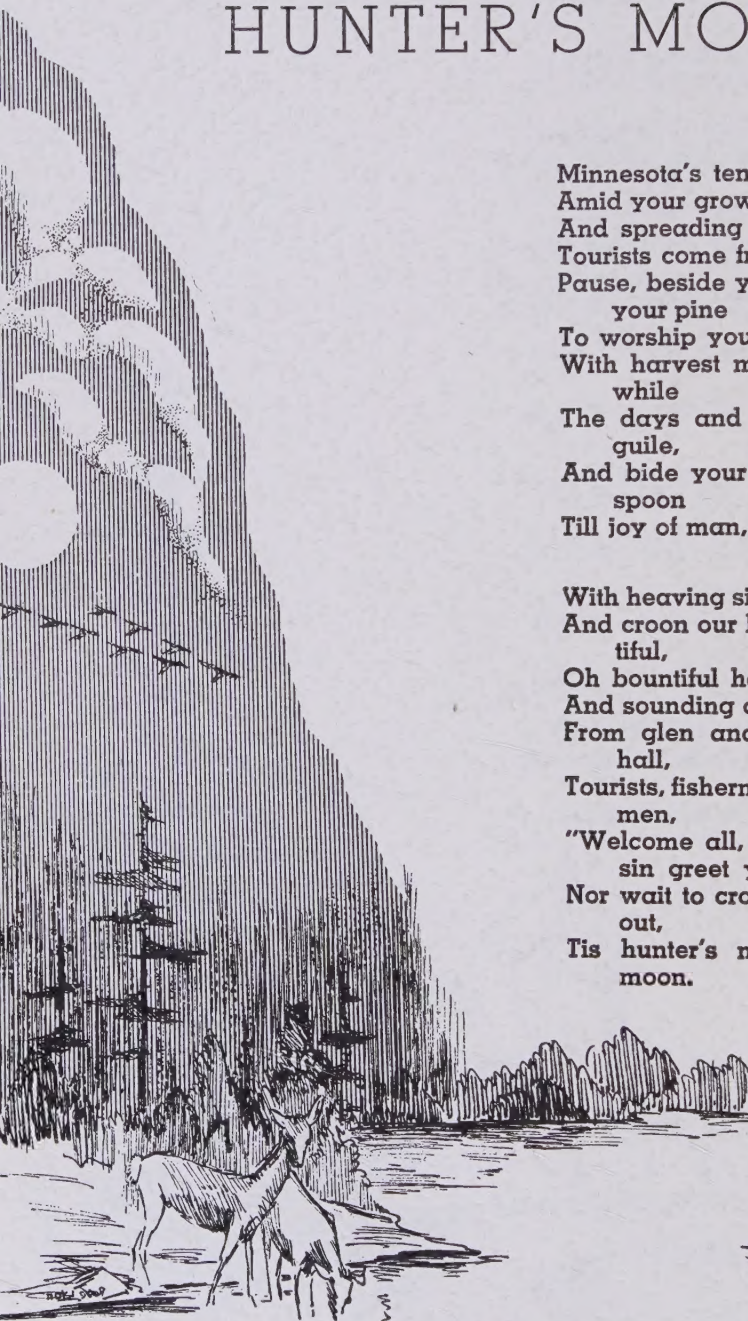
And my childhood right there might
have ended,
In that dear, very dear long ago,
But for that dear Indian doctor of
memory
God rest you; Beloved Manitou.



HUNTER'S MOON

Minnesota's ten thousand lakes
Amid your growing pines,
And spreading land makes
Tourists come from every clime.
Pause, beside your lakes, beneath
your pine
To worship you as if divine
With harvest moon to serve you,
while
The days and hours you do be-
guile,
And bide your luck with hook of
spoon
Till joy of man, the hunter's moon.

With heaving sigh we bid you bye,
And croon our homage,—oh beau-
tiful,
Oh bountiful harvest moon,
And sounding out our bugle call
From glen and mead and radio
hall,
Tourists, fishermen, hunters, sports-
men,
"Welcome all, Minnesota-Wiscon-
sin greet you."
Nor wait to croon, the hounds are
out,
Tis hunter's moon! Tis hunter's
moon.



To the Lake in Hennepin County, Minnesota, named for the O'Reilly family, who settled there in 1854,
coming from Boston, Massachusetts



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